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UNION AND STRENGTH: A COMPOSITE COLUMN OF BRITISH AND FRENCH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.

The intimate co-operation of French and British units on the battlefield, and often, indeed, the intermingling of battalions and detachments of both nationalities side by side under fire, have been a marked feature in several of the recent actions of the present year's Western Front fighting. In places, whole British and French regiments have fought shoulder to shoulder as composite brigades, commanded in some cases by French officers, and in others

by British officers. The co-operation method, improvised originally for exceptional reasons and special purposes locally, has proved quite practicable and satisfactory. Nothing could exceed the spirit of *camaraderie* so engendered among the khakis and the blues, while the most friendly rivalry and chivalrous emulation has resulted, according to the accounts of war correspondents. It is so, we are told, among all ranks in both Armies.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

THE AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE ON THE ITALIAN FRONT:

ITALIAN OFFICIAL

POSITIONS ATTACKED—COMMUNICATIONS AND OUTPOSTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



ON AN ITALIAN RIVERSIDE ROAD BESIDE THE MIDDLE PIAVE: INFANTRY PUTTING UP A CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN OF SAPLINGS.



WHILE PREPARATORY DEFENCE-WORKS PARTY TAKING ITS WAY ON



WERE IN PROGRESS: A WORKING THE OUTSKIRTS OF A CAMP.



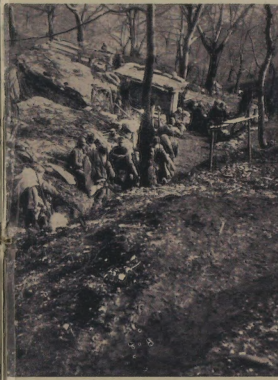
ON THE EDGE OF THE ASIAGO PLATEAU TO WATCH THE RAVINES THAT DESCEND TO THE PLAIN OF THE PIAVE VALLEY: AN ITALIAN MACHINE-GUN POST.



TRENCH-MAKING ON A SECTOR IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE RIVER FRONT: BUILDING FASCINE REVETMENTS ALONG A TRENCH-PARAPET.



NEAR WHERE THE FOOTHILLS BELOW THE VALLEY: AN ITALIAN BATTALION'S



ASIAGO PLATEAU MERGE INTO THE RIVER. HILLSIDE SHELTER-HUTS.



WHERE ADDITIONAL TRENCH-LINES WERE BARBED-WIRE COILS FOR



UNDER CONSTRUCTION: BRINGING UP A FRONT-LINE BARRIER.



AMONG THE WOODED HILLS NEAR THE EDGE OF THE ASIAGO PLATEAU: AN INFANTRY DETACHMENT FILING TO THE FIRING TRENCHES ALONG A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.

The long anticipated Austrian offensive against the Italian front, which opened after a prolonged and intensified artillery fire on June 15, was specially directed at the seventy miles' front between the Asiago plateau and the sea near the mouth of the Piave. The British troops holding part of the line on the Asiago Plateau were involved in the fighting. All along the assailed sector the Allies were well prepared. As the illustrations show, nothing had been omitted beforehand to keep the firing-line front in touch by means of screened roads and communication-trenches, and also strongly held machine-gun outposts at points where the rocky ravines of the Asiago Plateau debouch on the level plain through which the Piave takes its course. Here and there the first onrush of the enemy slightly bent back the Allied outpost line, but after the first few hours' fighting, the Allies had completely

restored their lines; taking upwards of 3000 prisoners in the operation. Those of the foremost Austrians who got over the Piave were held fast, or pressed back. The river is at its lowest, and fordable almost everywhere, at this time of year. Within forty-eight hours the first phase of the Austrian offensive had failed completely. Detachments here and there were still on the Italian bank of the Piave, and near the bridgehead of Sile, at the north-eastern corner of the Venetian lagoons, but elsewhere the enemy had been effectively beaten back, and the pontoon bridges they had thrown over the river were under Allied gun-fire. Some 5000 prisoners were by then in the hands of the Allies, of whom the British contingent held 700 odd, and the French, 300. Four Austrian Divisions attacked the British contingent. Their casualties were reckoned at 5000. Our losses were slight.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one rather grim joke about the pacifist or patriot groups in their argument about the war. It is the fact that, if we lost the war, we should certainly win the argument. Fortunately or unfortunately, we do not want to win the argument so much as to win the war. It is better for the world that the Prussian should be conquered than that he should be convicted—in the sense that it is more important that the Prussian should be conquered than that the Pacifist should be convinced. But, if the Prussian conquered us, he would very rapidly convict himself; if the Prussian were conqueror for an hour, the Pacifist would be convinced for ever. It would be more correct to say that there would be no more Pacifists to convince. And when we were waiting for starvation on this island, our food liable to be cut off permanently by submarine piracy, and our Navy and Army cut down permanently by terms dictated in Paris, Rome, or possibly London, it would, no doubt, be a great comfort to us to have proved to the Super-Ethical Society of Upper Tooting that we had unquestionably been right all along. Similarly, there may be social circles among the blessed shades in Elysium where certain of the dead can demonstrate from personal experiment that water drowns and wolves devour, that precipices and prussic acid have effects of a prompt description. We could debate, and we could certainly demonstrate; but we should be debating and demonstrating on an island of the dead.

In the abstract, we must accept the truth that there is no such pure, perfect, and rounded way of winning the argument as by the expedient of losing the war. We can never be quite so unanswerably right as we should be five minutes after we had been irretrievably ruined. Some of us, however, have still a strange shrinking from a solution which consists of being defeated by what we despise, in order to discover what we know already. It is truly said that Russia has already suffered the defeat and made the discovery. But, though this is true, it is an understatement of the truth. We cannot guess even from a Russian failure what would really be meant by a Prussian success. Russia is in a state of flux and not of finality; and Germany cannot even be safe in the East until she is safe in the West. She has still motives for conciliation—that is to say, for lying. She has still need of some pretence of benevolence, though her benevolence might very well pass for anybody else's brutality. She is treating her new friends, the Ukrainians every bit as badly as her old enemies the Poles. But she is not treating them a hundredth part so badly as she certainly

will treat them when they are even more helpless before her than were her enemies the Poles. For the Poles in the past were helpless because Western civilisation could not be induced to interfere, for them. The Ukrainians will be more helpless in the future, when there is no Western civilisation to interfere. Not even in those wild Eastern wastes has the Prussian wolf appeared as he may yet appear, as wholly his own wolfish self. If his sheep's clothing is daily wearing thinner, there are

of a lasting peace, still laments the slaughter and appeals to the society of nations, we know that he is being constrained to contradict his own nature. We know that he is not only lying, but that he is for some reason driven to lie. He is expressing something so foreign to him that it can hardly be expressed in the structure of his language, and cannot be quoted from a single example in his history. That the Prussian is talking at all about peace for Europe and justice for small nations is itself a proof that he does not yet dare to be himself.



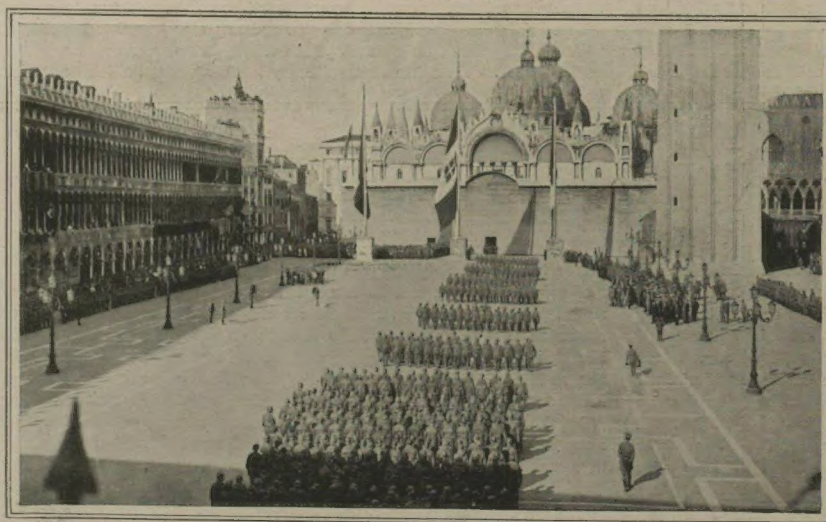
FRENCH MILITARY MEMORIES ON ITALIAN SOIL: THE MONUMENT TO NAPOLEON'S VICTORY AT RIVOLI

French troops serving in Italy recently visited the monument at Rivoli to Napoleon's soldiers who fell in his victory there over the Austrians on January 14, 1797. A ceremony took place, and the bones of Napoleon's men who fell there were re-buried. The monument was dismantled by the Austrians in 1808.—[Photograph by Alferi.]

scraps of wool clinging to the wolf. Some of them are woolly enough, certainly, like the words in which he tries to explain to his own tame Socialists his war on the whole social revolution, and even social reform, of Russia. But the point just now is not that his excuses for betraying and breaking

disguises; and it is a very Prussian taste. Now and again the disguise has been dropped altogether, and we have seen the reality which explains the strange nature of the disguise. But even then we had not seen it as we might live to see it, if we let it live and prevail. In this

respect I am disposed to give a grave assent to those Pro-Germans who tell me I do not really know modern Germany. They are right; I do not know, and no human creature knows, of what modern Germany may be capable. Modern Germany does not itself know; it gives to the blindness and madness of its plunge into the darkness the name of progress and a will to power. No man has any notion of the end of which torture and infanticide are but the beginnings. Something would wax mighty that is worse than all crimes, and the essence of all—something the Greeks called insolence and the denial of the gods. The nations that had failed would find the rest of their days filled with a ceaseless hail of insults. Beyond



VENICE, UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: THE ITALIAN NAVAL REGIMENT REVIEWED ON ST. MARK'S PIAZZA. The recently formed Italian Naval Regiment has already distinguished itself in action, at Capo Sile, on the Lower Piave, and the Venetian lagoons. The review was accompanied by a presentation of colours. The front of St. Mark's, it will be seen, has been protected against air-bombs.—[Italian Naval Official Photograph.]

the Russian reform are tricky and trumpery excuses; it is that he does think it worth while to offer excuses of some kind. He must still exert himself to deceive, before he can settle down comfortably to destroy. His hypocrisy is a happy sign, and it should lift our hearts. When the Prussian still talks of a just settlement, still talks

that, none can guess what this red dawn would be like, if it reached its noon. There would be a Prussian peace to which all the Prussian wars would have been a comparatively soothing prelude, just as there is a tropic noon of which the warmth can only blight and the light only blind—a noon more annihilating than night.

FOUGHT TO A FINISH: A REMARKABLE EXPLOIT ON A BLAZING 'PLANE.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.



THE PILOT STANDING ON A WING, KEEPING CONTROL, AND SIDE-SLIPPING HIS MACHINE DOWN SO THAT THE FLAMES ARE BLOWN AWAY FROM HIM AND HIS OBSERVER: THE OBSERVER FIRING AT THE ENEMY—BEFORE THE "CRASH."

Describing the incident illustrated above, Mr. Boyd Cable writes: "One of our machines engaged in combat with half-a-dozen triplanes was shot down in flames, with the escaping petrol ablaze. Both pilot and observer must have known that an immediate and cruel death could hardly be averted, but the pilot, clambering out and standing on the wing, kept control, and brought his machine down at an angle in a 'side-slip' so that the flames blew out clear of him and his observer. The observer, badly wounded over and over

again, still stuck to his gun, and continued to fire up and back at his enemies, and during the engagement shot three of them down. The machine 'crashed' in the open between the opposing trenches, and the pilot, wounded in five places, dragged the observer, who had sustained six wounds, clear of the burning wreckage, and into some kind of cover from the pelting of machine-gun bullets and bombs, receiving a sixth wound while doing so. Both men were afterwards rescued by our infantry."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE WAR.

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

THE steam-engine, the cable, and wireless telegraphy have so contracted the world that we are apt to forget that it still remains a very big place. Time in travel has been reduced and communications improved, but East and West are just as far apart to-day as they were a century ago. Whatever route he may choose, the British traveller must cover upwards of ten thousand miles to reach the nearest point in Japan. And yet the Japanese Navy is represented in the Mediterranean. The presence of those ships in the Midland Sea constitutes one of the most remarkable incidents in the gradual consolidation of the war efforts of the Allies.

There is a tendency to forget that a ship of war is no longer independent of bases, as was the case, to some extent, a hundred years ago, when war-vessels carried supplies sufficient for six months or so. Every Navy, moreover, requires ammunition, stores, and other supplies of its own particular types. The Japanese Admiralty has triumphed over these difficulties, with the result that for months past Japanese seamen, in association with British, French, Italian, and American seamen, have been engaged in fighting the German submarines in those waters.

If the Japanese had rendered no other service than the despatch of ships of war to the Mediterranean we should have reasons for feeling grateful to them for helping to keep open the essential sea-highway of the British Empire, thronged with transports and merchant-ships. But we owe it largely to Japan that the German flag is not to be seen to-day anywhere in the Pacific Ocean. The Japanese Fleet, co-operating with the Japanese Army, turned the Germans out of Kiau Chau; it expelled the enemy from Jaluit, the capital of the Marshall Islands; it assisted in hunting down Admiral von Spee's squadron, which was at last annihilated off the Falkland Islands; it helped in rounding up the enemy's merchant-ships in Far Eastern waters; it also lent its aid in transporting Australian troops to the Western theatre.

The whole fabric which the Germans had built up east of Suez has been brought to ruin largely by the influence of the great Sea Power of the Far East. The services which Japan rendered by sea in the early days of the war, she is still continuing to render. Our Ally has paid the price. She does not possess a large fleet, judged by the standard of the European Powers. She lost the cruiser *Takachiho*, a vessel of 3700 tons, as well as some

torpedo craft, during the operations off Kiau Chau; and last year one of her finest armoured units, the *Tsukuba*, was destroyed by internal explosion—a mysterious business, whether due to enemy action or not. She was one of the earliest armoured cruisers to be built in Japan. Her displacement was 13,750 tons, and she carried four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch, and twelve 4.7-inch guns, being the forerunner of the battle-cruiser type with which the war has made us familiar.

Japan in 1914 was our Ally, but only in respect of our Far Eastern interests. The treaty between the two countries was signed at a time when we were all thinking of the future of British trade and British prestige in the Far East. It was agreed that we and Japan should make common cause against aggression from whatever quarter it might come. When this war broke out Japan eased the situation in the Far East by throwing in her lot with the Allies. She placed her whole Navy in the balance, and thus contributed materially to consolidate the Allied position in the Pacific. Some day the story will be told in its fullness, and Japan has no reason to shrink from a full revelation of her part in the war, particularly in respect of naval assistance in the West.

THE "NEW" STAR—OF 1895!

By AN ASTRONOMER.

THE celestial phenomenon which took place on June 8, when a new star of the first magnitude suddenly appeared in the heavens, is one of great rarity. Only three instances comparable with it can be found in astronomical records since these began to be kept continuously with any exactness—that is, during the past four or five centuries—one as recently as 1901, the others in 1572 and 1604. After a rapid increase in brilliance and a comparatively short maximum, decline set in, and these stars gradually faded from view, leaving, after a few months, only a faint telescopic object to mark the site of their former splendour. The present new star will, in all probability, follow a similar course.

Mr. W. F. Denning, of Bristol, the well-known authority on meteors, was observing until nearly dawn on the Saturday morning, and is confident that nothing unusual characterised the area in which the star was about to appear. On Saturday evening, however, the star was easily visible in the deepening twilight, being already nearly equal to Altair in brightness, and consequently among the six brightest stars in the sky. Miss Grace Cook, F.R.A.S., of Stowmarket, Suffolk, a prominent member of the British

Astronomical Association, seems to have been the first person in the British Isles to note its presence. This was at 10.30 p.m. summer time, before darkness had really set in. Ten minutes later, it was seen at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich; and within the next hour various observers in different parts of the country (at Bristol, Croydon, Norwood, Newcastle, etc.) had remarked it. During the Saturday night the brightness remained pretty constant, but by the Sunday evening it had risen almost to that of Sirius, and was certainly the brightest object in the sky. An observer at Greenwich (the writer) actually saw the star with a small telescope of two inches aperture ten minutes before sunset, when only five degrees above the horizon.

The light on the Sunday evening was characterised by a peculiarly clear and flashing brilliance, which, however, was not maintained. On the Monday evening the "Nova" was still equal to Vega in brightness; but on the Tuesday evening it had sunk to a brilliance midway between Vega and Altair. Spectroscopic observations showed that it was passing into gaseous form. The Wednesday evening showed a further diminution to equality with Altair; and on the Thursday the star had

fallen to about the same brightness as at discovery. A series of refined measurements of position was made at Greenwich Observatory, and search instituted among the photographic records which have been accumulating during the past thirty years. On a photograph of the area, taken at Algiers in 1895 (part of the international photographic survey of the heavens), a small telescopic star was found in the exact position now occupied by the "Nova."

So close is the agreement that there can be no doubt they are one and the same object; and not only so, but there has been no relative motion in the intervening period. This being the case, there is the strongest ground for presuming that the cataclysm, whatever its nature, which produced such an enormous outburst of heat as must necessarily have accompanied the remarkable increase in light, took place at a distance inconceivably remote from our earth, and occurred probably centuries ago, although the evidence of it has only now reached us. The star may readily be found if a line be taken from the Pole Star through Vega (the brightest star in the northern hemisphere), and carried on for about three-quarters of the distance between them.

THE WOMAN, THE BOY, AND THE LAND.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

WE may start by ruling the stray boy out. They say in the country that one boy is a boy, two boys are half a boy, and three boys are no boy at all. The boy will work if supervised and alone, two will have some fun, three will have nothing else. From time to time the parents or guardian: of promising town boys write to me of the great desire of the promising one to work on the land; my experience shows that both the desire and the promise die out in a week. I am afraid that my tendency is to leave others to profit by these wayward enthusiasms. The country lad under his father's eye is all right; he can earn good money to-day, and when he is eighteen or nineteen is allowed by the Country Wages Boards to take a man's wage. This is a mistake for many reasons. He cannot yet do a man's work; he costs more than he is worth, and is left with no prospects as far as farm labour is concerned. Then the lure of the towns begins to be felt.

I have had several women workers since war began, and have inquired about their work elsewhere. Everybody appears to be agreed that the average woman, skilled or unskilled, brings several definite qualities to the aid of agriculture. She is conscientious; she will not leave a job undone;

and she is invariably kind to animals. Given reasonably light work, she is a success; but the pretty pictures of a woman guiding a plough over the mild-mannered, yielding land may be dismissed as a figment of the artistic imagination. They make an effective poster, and beyond that have no merit. On the heavy clays from which our best wheat springs no woman who has not served a very long apprenticeship, and has not been endowed with more than her fair share of strength, could possibly make good. Happily, there is endless work on the farm that demands no more than application and a modest measure of readily acquired skill.

The feeding of stock, milking, butter and cheese making, the hoeing of corn and roots, the gathering, storing, and preserving of fruit, the brushing of hedges, even a moderate amount of digging—these are labours at which all vigorous and healthy land-workers may excel; and after a time they will learn to ignore the difficulties and the comparative emptiness of village life. Where women are working in squads they have the best time; the woman who goes alone to work on a farm, enduring the limitations of the accommodation, the vagaries of the weather, the dirt, and the

monotony, is a true patriot. Yet even for her the difficulties disappear after a time; there comes a new interest in the production of food and the care of animals; improved health, born of activity in the open air and the sense that she is playing her part in the world struggle—all these changes will lead the way to the love of the land that comes in time to all who serve it. When that feeling comes, the attractions of town assume an unfamiliar and unpleasing shape. I think that for the majority of the army of women land-workers that become efficient there will be no return to town life—its attractions will appear tawdry.

Farmers were sceptical for a long time about the new departure; but to-day few, if any, of those who have employed women workers reasonably and with a measure of consideration have anything but praise for them. Even the old farm-labourers, one of the most conservative bodies in England, are prepared to welcome and assist the new-comers; and there is more to be learned from half an hour in the fields with the practised hand than from a course of lectures. The woman on the land has done well, and has not yet reached the limit of useful accomplishment.

SONS OF SISTER RÉPUBLICS: FRANCO-AMERICAN BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.

DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN JONAS.



1. A FRENCH CYCLIST DIRECTING TWO STAFF OFFICERS: ONE AMERICAN (LEFT); THE OTHER FRENCH.

2. TO ACT AS THEIR SCOUTS: FRENCH DRAGOONS PASSING AMERICAN INFANTRY.

The United States troops at the front, on whom such great hopes rest, have already proved a strong factor in the situation. The United States Secretary for War, Mr. Baker, stated a few days ago that over 700,000 Americans had already left their own shores to fight Germany. Personally they are on excellent terms, both officers and men, with their French and British comrades at the front. President Poincaré, in his recent

3. TÊTE-À-TÊTE: AN AMERICAN MEETS A WOUNDED FRENCHMAN.

4. CAMARADERIE: FRENCH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS FRATERNISING.

5. IN THE FIELD: FRENCH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS AND MEN.

message to President Wilson on the anniversary of the first American landing in France, expressed his "admiration for the magnificent effort put forth by the great sister Republic," and alluded to the rapid formation of new American units and the incessant increase of maritime transport. . . . The Allied Armies, fraternally united, would take a decisive revenge on the enemy.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

THE ACROBATICS OF AVIATION.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AN aeroplane is controlled by a series of flaps, each of which operates precisely like the rudder of a boat. At the extreme rear end of the aeroplane is a rudder pure and simple, standing up vertically. Pulling it to the left pushes the tail over to the right, and so points the nose of the machine to the left. Contrariwise, pulling it to the right pushes the tail to the left and heads the nose to the right. The rudder is worked by wires running along the body, or fuselage, to the cockpit in which the pilot sits. There they are attached to a horizontal bar pivoted in the middle, almost exactly like the horizontal bar to which the steering-lines of a river skiff are attached. This bar is worked by the pilot's feet. Kicking it forward with the left pulls the left wire and heads the machine to the left. Kicking it forward with the right foot heads the machine to the right.

At right angles to the rudder—that is to say, lying horizontally—is the elevator, which may be one single flap below or behind the rudder, or may be two flaps, one on each side of the rudder. Pulling the elevator up depresses the tail and points the nose upwards. Pulling the elevator down lifts the tail and points the nose downwards. It is merely a rudder lying on its side. The wires from the elevator run to a control-lever—colloquially known as the "joy-stick," fixed vertically on a pivot just behind the rudder. Pulling this stick back pulls the elevator up and points the nose up. Pushing the stick forward pulls the elevator down and points the nose down. Thus the rudder and the elevator steer the machine on its horizontal and vertical paths respectively.

There is, however, the control of the wings also to consider. For this purpose horizontal flaps, like elevators, are fitted to the rear of the tip of each wing. These flaps are called ailerons. The wires from the ailerons are led along the wings to the control-lever. Pushing the stick to the left pulls the right aileron down (which lifts the right wing); at the same time it lets the left aileron up (which lets the left wing drop); and so the whole machine is canted or "banked" to the left. Contrariwise, pushing the stick to the right banks the machine over to the right.

Probably the first mildly acrobatic feat which a pilot learns is how to do a steeply banked turn. It takes a bit of thinking out at first, but it is really quite simple when one has grasped the first principles. And to the pilot the action soon becomes perfectly automatic, so that he never thinks about it at all. The machine simply goes where he wants to put it.

The next simple manoeuvre is looping the loop. This is perfectly plain sailing. In the old days one pushed the stick forward and pointed the nose down to gain extra speed before looping. With

the modern machine one lets the engine out at full power, and then pulls the stick back—more or less hard as experience of the particular machine dictates. The tail goes down and the nose goes up. Keeping the stick in that position—or pulling it further back as the speed decreases owing to the machine rising—throws the tail out and points the nose inwards in relation to an imaginary circle raised vertically in the air. Centrifugal force tries to throw the whole machine outwards from the centre of that circle, and, so to speak, holds the wings of the machine against the air. In a perfectly executed loop, begun at the proper speed, the machine will keep its flying speed and remain under proper control all round the loop. If it starts too slowly it will lose speed climbing up the loop, and by the time it gets to the top of the loop it will probably find itself without enough speed to carry it over. Then it will merely fall upside

loop. It will then climb vertically till it loses all its speed, and slides back again.

What is known as an "Immelmann turn" is a variant of this. The pilot starts a loop. When climbing in a vertical position, he pushes his rudder hard over to one side—let us say, to the left. The result is that the tail swings out to the right, further and further, till the body, or fuselage, is horizontal, with the right wing up and the left wing down. Then the nose drops, the machine turns a "cartwheel" over the left wing-tip and proceeds to dive. When the pilot pulls the stick back and resumes a horizontal flying position again, he finds himself heading back in the direction whence he came, but lower down by just the amount of his dive. This is a favourite method of escaping pursuit by a faster machine, and was, in fact, invented by a British biplane pilot who was attacked by the famous German pilot Immelmann,

who was on a fast monoplane. Hence the name of the trick.

A "spin" is caused by slowing the machine down till it has nearly lost its flying speed and is on the verge of falling, and then kicking the rudder hard over to one side. The result is that the tail swings out, and the whole machine proceeds to spin round its own nose. Thereafter the machine falls in a sort of irregular spiral path, with the tail always lashing round the outside of the spiral. The pilot regains control by centralising his rudder to check the tail from swinging, and by pushing the stick forward to force the machine into a dive. A "roll" consists in pushing the stick hard over to one side, while keeping everything else central. By this

means one wing is raised and the other dropped, as in banking; but, on a modern fast machine, the stick can be kept over so that the bank surpasses the vertical, the machine goes clean over on to its back, round on to the opposite vertical bank, and up into its proper flying position again. This is while the body of the machine continues vertically along its straight horizontal path; so that, if one could trace the course of the wing-tips in the air, they would be found to have described a sort of corkscrew round the flying path of the body.

Certain manipulation—or should one say, pedipulation?—of the rudder-bar is necessary in the process, so as to keep the machine straight; but it is, perhaps, too complicated to be described on paper. The main point is that the complete roll is performed practically with the ailerons alone.

Every skilful pilot has some pet trick of his own. New tricks are quickly copied by other pilots, and are given names of their own, as in the case of the "Immelmann turn," the "roll," the "boot-lace" (which is a sort of combined spin and roll), the "corkscrew" (a species of spiral dive), and sundry others.



BROUGHT DOWN ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: A GIANT GERMAN RAIDING-AEROPLANE—EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE.—[British Official Photograph.]

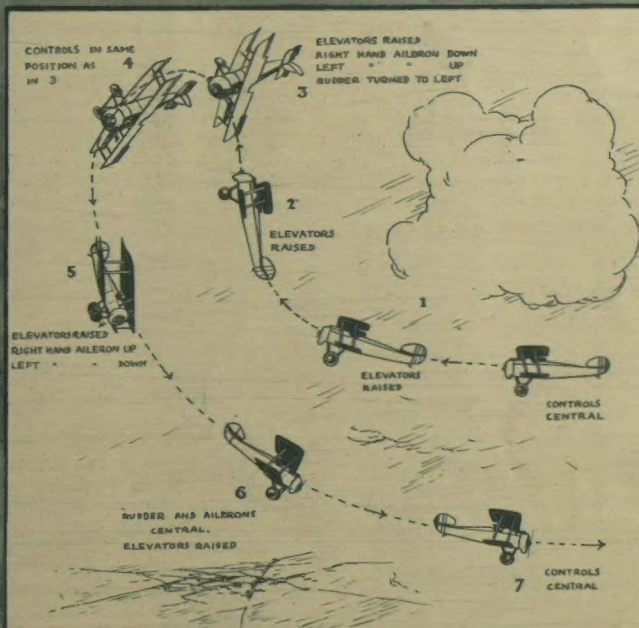
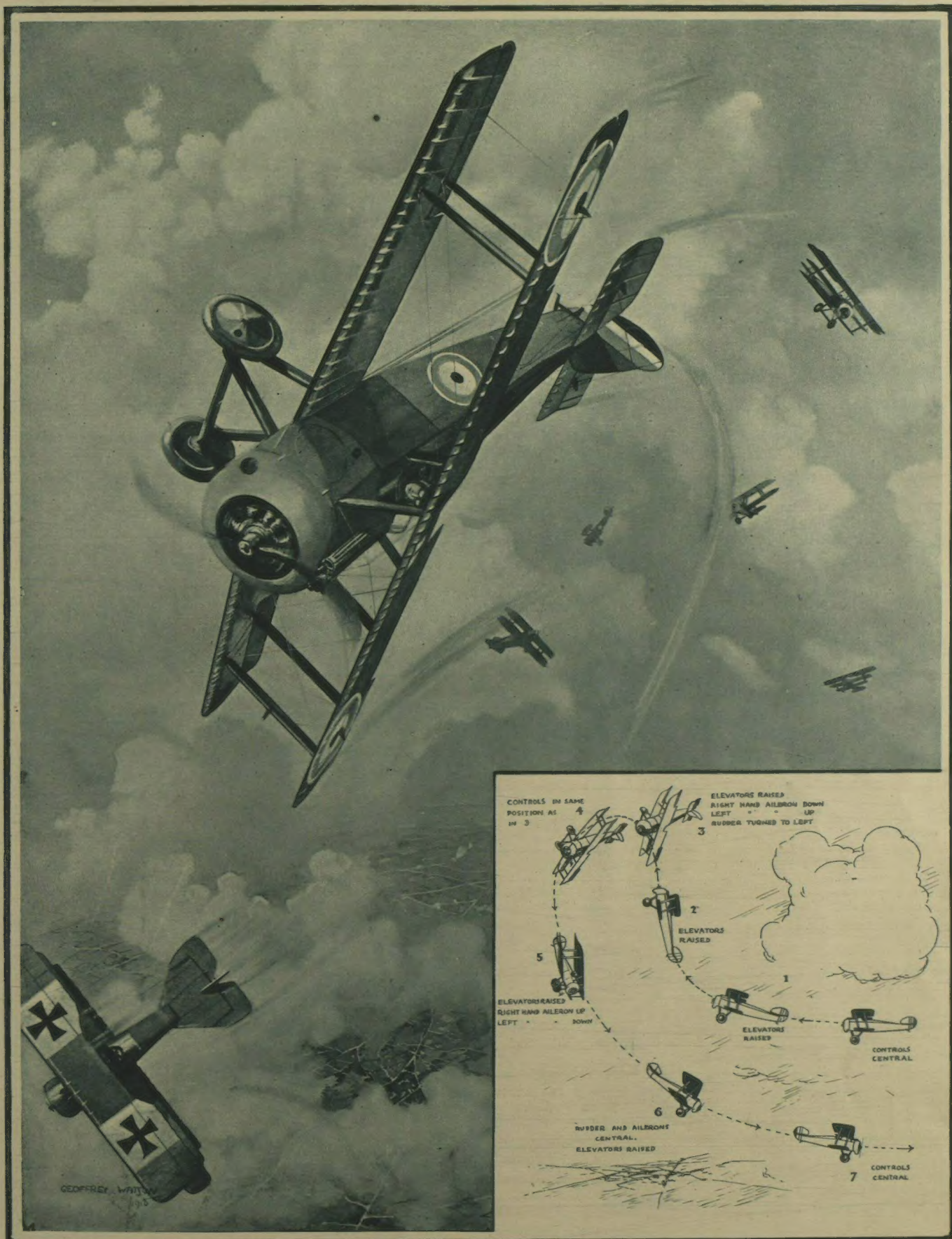
down till it gains enough speed to allow the pilot to get control of it again.

A modern aeroplane is always so balanced that, if left alone, its nose will always drop and it will dive head first. When once it is diving, the pilot has only to pull the stick back and make it fly horizontally when he pleases. Many machines have their surfaces so arranged that if left absolutely to themselves they will automatically return to a proper flying position—just as a lifeboat will always come right side up. This is called being "inherently stable"; but it must also be remembered that a certain amount of fall is necessary before the machine can right itself, and most accidents occur because the machine hits the ground before it has had time to come back to its proper position.

A "tail-slide" is performed by starting a loop slowly, so that when the machine has climbed into a vertical position it stops in mid-air, hangs for a moment, and then slides back tail first. Or it may be done by starting fast, and, when heading vertically upwards, pushing the stick forward so as to stop the machine from continuing round the

THE ACROBATICS OF AIR WARFARE: THE "IMMELMANN TURN."

DRAWN BY GEOFFREY WATSON.



EXECUTING AN "IMMELMANN TURN": A BRITISH AEROPLANE ELUDING A FASTER GERMAN PURSUER.

The "Immelmann turn," a favourite method of escaping pursuit by a faster machine, was used by the pilot of a British biplane when he was attacked by the German pilot Immelmann. The operation is a variant of the "loop" and "cartwheel" combined. The drawing illustrates a British machine, in position No. 4 of the diagram, executing the turn to escape a German pursuer. Mr. C. G. Grey writes: "The pilot starts a loop. When climbing in a vertical position he pushes his rudder hard over to one side—let

us say, to the left. The result is that the tail swings out to the right, further and further, till the body, or fuselage, is horizontal, with the right wing up and the left wing down. Then the nose drops, the machine turns a 'cartwheel' over the left wing-tip, and proceeds to dive. When the pilot pulls the stick back and resumes a horizontal flying position again, he finds himself in the direction whence he came, but lower down by just the amount of his dive."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL IS CONFIDENT OF THE

FRENCH OFFICIAL

ULTIMATE RESULT": PERSONALITIES AT VERSAILLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



U.S. REPRESENTATIVE ON THE INTER-ALLY WAR COMMITTEE: GENERAL BLISS ARRIVING.



BRITISH AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY: LORD DERBY.



A LEADER IN WHOM THE ALLIES HAVE "UNANIMOUS CONFIDENCE": GENERAL FOCH ARRIVING.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES TROOPS: GENERAL PERSHING ARRIVING.



THE "TIGER" OF FRANCE: M. CLEMENCEAU, THE PREMIER, ARRIVING FOR A CONFERENCE.



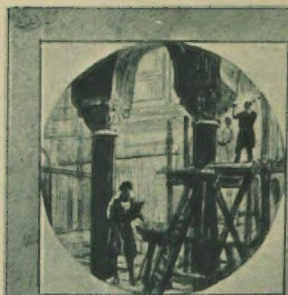
THE BRITISH PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (LEFT) AND MR. BALFOUR (BACK TO CAMERA) AT TEA DURING AN INTERVAL.



THE BRITISH AND FRENCH PREMIERS IN THE TEA-ROOM DURING AN INTERVAL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (EXTREME LEFT) AND M. CLEMENCEAU (THIRD FROM LEFT, IN BACKGROUND).

Unshaken confidence in final victory was the dominant spirit of the Supreme War Council at its sixth session, recently held at Versailles. In the official statement issued after the meetings it was announced: "The Supreme War Council has complete confidence in General Foch; it regards with pride and admiration the valour of the Allied troops. Thanks to the prompt and cordial co-operation of the President of the United States, arrangements which were set on foot more than two months ago for the transportation and brigading of American troops will make it impossible for the enemy to gain a victory by wearing out the Allied reserve before he has exhausted his own. The Supreme War Council is confident of the ultimate result. The Allied

peoples are resolute not to sacrifice a single one of the free nations of the world to the despotism of Berlin. . . . They have only to endure with faith and patience to the end to make the victory of freedom secure. The free peoples and their magnificent soldiers will save civilisation." In a stirring speech in the French Chamber, M. Clemenceau said: "General Foch enjoys to such a degree the confidence of the Allies that yesterday they wished that their unanimous confidence in him should be expressed in the communiqué." Mr. Lloyd George, just after his return, spoke of the French as "that gallant great people across the Channel who are fighting for the liberty and the honour of their native land, and who are fighting without flinching. I have seen them."



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECTURAL WORK.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SUBMITTED TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLAS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

WITHOUT going too deeply into matters which are still in the experimental stage, it may be taken as common knowledge that all the machinery of the living organism is, roughly speaking, kept going by the muscles; that these are for the most part set in action or contracted by the nerves, and that the great centres of nervous activity are the brain and the spinal cord. Muscles, as we all know by sad experience, become fatigued or cease to contract if remorselessly exercised; and, as the rationing of the nation has brought home to us, their exercise leads to the combustion of a certain number of heat-units, or, to use a word now familiar to all, "calories," which can only be replaced by the ingestion of food. If anyone has any doubts as to this, he has only to look at the very careful and elaborate experiments of American observers, who have shown that a man of average weight, strength, and condition, when put into a sort of cage in which he is kept perfectly quiet and in an even temperature for 24 hours, can do perfectly well on 1600 calories, while a man in sedentary work, such as reading and writing, demands 2500, and one in full muscular work, 3500. These figures have in the main been accepted by the Royal Society, to whom the Government wisely referred the matter, and form, in fact, the basis of the ration system which we are at present—enjoying.

With the nerves, however, all is not such plain sailing. What nerve-force is, still remains a mystery; and although many guesses have been made as to its nature, none of them have brought us much nearer to its solution. Its effect on the muscles can be imitated to a certain extent by electricity, and the nerve itself undergoes electrical change during activity; yet nerve-force is certainly not electrical in its nature, because its rate of transmission is very much slower than that of the electric current. All that we really know about it is that it is renewed, or in some way made more active, by sleep, arrested by cold, and not exhausted or even fatigued, so far as we can tell, by its own exercise. Although it may be inhibited, or its action prevented, by certain poisons, and it seems to share in the well-being of the whole organism, it cannot be said with any confidence whether anything taken into the body through the mouth, injected into the veins, or rubbed into the skin, has any effect on it whatever.

MUSCLES, NERVES, AND BRAINS.

This very imperfect summary of what are believed to be the facts of the case is necessary to the understanding of certain experiments made by the enemy, the details of which have only lately reached this country. Certain Munich students of average physique and health were chosen as its subjects, and were carefully fed on

strain so badly that the experiment had to be abandoned. The obvious inference is that the reserve force which, as every athlete knows, enables the nerves at a pinch to overcome the exhaustion of the muscles, was in that case non-existent. Whether this was due to the insufficiency of the civilian ration, to brain-exhaustion produced by the combination of study and war-strain, or to the two causes combined, is a question which can only be determined by further experiment, which need be neither very laborious nor very costly.

Pending this, however, the Munich experiment gives one furiously to think. If it means, as seems likely, that the approach to starvation—which, when all allowance is made for over-optimism, must have surely if slowly quickened its pace in Central Europe since the early days of the war—has rendered the great mass of the civilian population incapable of prolonged or strenuous exertion, the manufacture of the enormous quantity of munitions which the present war entails must be in danger of coming to a stop. Perhaps this explains the apparently needless brutality which the Germans have shown, first, in enslaving and forcing to manual labour the population of invaded countries such as Belgium; and then in using up prisoners of war by compelling them to work, on insufficient food, on field fortifications and other works, with the desired result of releasing skilled and half-skilled native labour to factories and shops. The exact bearing of all this on the duration of the war must be left to wiser heads than the present writer to

determine; but it may be said here that our own Government seem to have been abundantly justified in differentiating between the rations of the muscle-using and the brain-using classes, and that the extension and the checking of the Munich experiment seems to be well within their competence.

For the private citizen, its lesson seems to be that he should not attempt with too much audacity to work both his brains and muscles to the full extent of their capacity, or even to the more moderate extent to which some of us were accustomed in the blissful days before the war. Now that the holiday season is approaching, it may be as well to bear this in mind.

F. L.



IN A DANGER ZONE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GAS-MASK DRILL FOR ARTILLERY HORSES.—[Official Photograph.]

the rations prescribed for the civil population, and worked with all that attention to detail which characterises German men of science, and which English admirers of these methods dignify by the name of "thoroughness." After this preparation, they were set to walk a

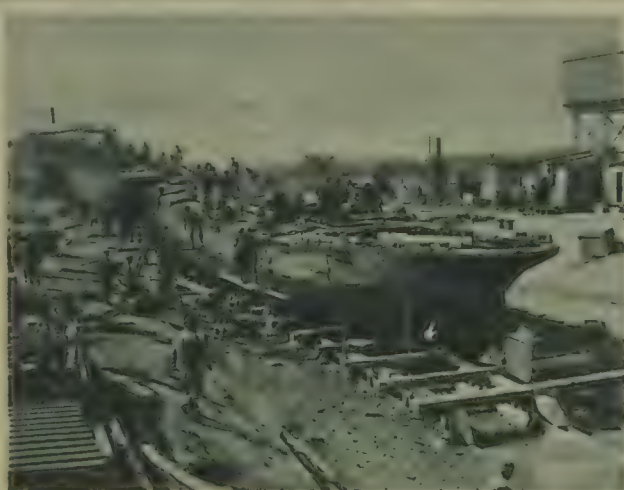
by compelling them to work, on insufficient food, on field fortifications and other works, with the desired result of releasing skilled and half-skilled native labour to factories and shops. The exact bearing of all this on the duration of the war must be left to wiser heads than the present writer to



WITH THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE: UNITED STATES AMBULANCE MEN EVACUATING WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM A HOSPITAL DRESSING-STATION IN A TOWN UNDER SHELL-FIRE.—[Official Photograph.]

THE WEST IN THE EAST: BRITISH METHODS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



WHERE, A YEAR AGO, WAS DESERT SAND: AN INLAND WATER TRANSPORT DOCKYARD, WITH VESSELS UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE BUILDING-SLIPS.



FOR ARMY TRANSPORT SERVICE ON THE TIGRIS: A SPOON-BOW BARGE, SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY THE L.W.T. FOR RIVER TRAFFIC AND SAND-BANK NAVIGATION.



RECLAIMING THE SWAMPY MARSH-LANDS ALONGSIDE THE TIGRIS: A BRITISH FACTORY-BUILT SUCTION-DREDGER AT WORK CLEARING THE RANK VEGETATION.



DURING THE WET SEASON IN MESOPOTAMIA: A MOTOR-CAR BOGGED IN THE MUD—A GANG OF COOLIES LIFTING THE CAR OUT BODILY.



EAST MEETS WEST IN THE CITY OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID: A BRITISH MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE IN A BAGHDAD STREET, WITH ORIENTAL OX-CARTS PASSING IN BACKGROUND.



ON THE SCENE OF A TURKISH DEFEAT ON THE TIGRIS: DIVERS BELONGING TO THE INDIAN ARMY R.E. RECOVERING ENEMY WAR-MATERIAL FROM THE RIVER.

The British Army in Mesopotamia is now, of course, no longer dependent on the Tigris waterway as its only artery of communication between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf; but the river must always form a principal highway for the transport of much heavy material. As the first two illustrations show, at least one riverside dockyard has been constructed where barges and cargo craft, specially designed for Tigris navigation, are

being built by the doreen. In the fifth illustration, everyday Western and Eastern traffic methods contrast. A modern fire-engine, replacing the fire-bucket and squirt of the Turkish *redjime*, is seen, with sun-hatted British firemen, in a street of Baghdad; while in the background close by, Oriental ox-carts, such as have traversed Baghdad streets for ages past every day, pass by amid motor-cars, lorries, and Army mule transport-vehicles.



"IN LOYAL AND HELPFUL COMRADESHIP": FRENCH, AMERICAN, AND BRITISH FIGHTING SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

This group of resolute men, standing by each other in battle against the common foe, is symbolic of the position on the whole Western Front to-day, when nationality and patriotism are merged in the wider loyalty to the Allied cause in the great struggle for freedom against tyranny. "Against superior numbers," said Mr. Asquith in a recent speech, "the Allied troops have stubbornly contested every mile of the advance. French, American, British, have shown the same tireless tenacity, the same

spirit of loyal and helpful comradeship—rivals only in their devotion to the common cause and in their appreciation of one another's efforts and sacrifices." Nor must we forget the gallant Belgians, and the contingents of Italians and Portuguese, who have likewise taken their share in defending that long front across Flanders and France, nor the splendid help given by the Indian Empire and the British Dominions across the seas.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE WAR EFFORT OF THE MIDLANDS: THE SALVAGE OF SCRAP-METAL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



WHERE TRADITION SAYS THAT BOADICEA'S CHARIOT-SCYTHES WERE MADE. MUNITION-WORK IN A GREAT BIRMINGHAM FACTORY SAVING BRASS SCRAP.

It is a tradition among the men of "the Hardware Village" that they are descended from those ancient British smiths who wrought scythes for the war-chariots of Boadicea. Be that as it may, Britain has since fulfilled Cowper's prophecy regarding her, that "Regions Caesar never knew Thy posterity shall sway," and Birmingham is now fashioning nigher weapons by the million to meet a more formidable foe than Caesar. Hundreds of Birmingham firms have abandoned their pre-war activities for the making of munitions.

Firms that once manufactured such things as wagons, carpets, bedsteads, beer, bicycles, jewellery, pottery, and agricultural implements have for the last three years been working full steam ahead at various kinds of war material. Our illustration shows the running down of brass scrap. The process consists of fusing the scrap from foreign matter, especially iron and steel. This firm alone, Messrs. Elkington and Co., casts 80 tons a week.—(Drawing copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE WAR EFFORT OF THE MIDLANDS: SHELL BANDS BY THE MILLION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



PART OF AN OUTPUT OF NEARLY 5,000,000: COPPER DRIVING-BANDS FOR SHELLS BEING THROWN INTO AN ANNEALING-FURNACE, IN THE NATIONAL SHELL FACTORY AT BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham is the centre of an immense munition-making area in the Midlands, which has made, and is still making, tremendous efforts towards the attainment of victory. The Board of Management of the Birmingham and District Munitions Committee, which came into being three years ago, has worked wonders. Besides establishing a National Shell Factory, they have set over 400 firms, previously engaged in various businesses, to work at making war material. The result has been that there have been produced

under the Board's direction at least 1,250,000 high-explosive 4.5-inch shells, nearly 33,000 9.2-inch shells, between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 copper driving-bands for shells, 30,000,000 hot brass stampings, and well over 130,000,000 fuses, primers, and other component parts of shells. Our drawing, made at the Birmingham National Shell Factory, shows an annealing or tempering process for copper driving-bands, which at this stage are of a saucer-like shape.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPEARHEAD, BACON, J. E. MOTHERSON, FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LAPAYETTE AND BROOK HUGHES.



CAPT. JOHN HENRY E. DEAN, M.C. AND BAR. Cheshire Regt. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dean, Heath House, Necton, Lincolnshire.



2ND LT. NOEL FREEMAN, Queen's (R. West Surrey) Regt. Son of Mrs. R. M. Craven, Riversford, Northam, North Devon. Killed in action.



CAPT. CHRISTOPHER YORK PEASE, Yeomanry, attached West Yorkshire Regt. Younger son of Sir Alfred E. Pease, second Baronet, of Pinchinthorpe House, Guisborough, Yorkshire.



LIEUT. WILLIAM S. MITCHELL RUXTON, M.C., Border Regt. Only son of Dr. and Mrs. Ruxton, Sydenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



REV. RICHARD A. P. COLEBORNE, M.A., C.F., attd. London Regt. Son of Rev. A. and Mrs. Colborne, Quay Vicarage, Cambridge.



LT.-COL. EDWARD KEITH BYRNE FURZE, D.S.O., M.C., Queen's Regiment (commanding 1st Wiltshires). Second son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Furze, of Avonmore Road, Kensington, W.



LIEUT.-COL. E. S. CHANCE, Dragon Guards (Queen's Bays). Eldest son of Mr. F. W. Chance, of Morton, Carlisle, formerly M.P. for the city. Officially reported killed in action.



LCE.-CORPL. CHARLES MOTT, Artists' Rifles. The well-known and very popular opera-singer. Officially reported as having died of wounds.



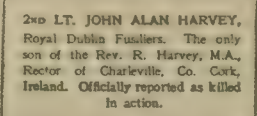
LT.-COL. EDWARD THESIGER FRANKLAND HOOD, D.S.O., C.R.O.I. DE GUERRE, R.A.; of Nettleham Hall, Lincoln. Son of the late Mr. Sinclair Frankland Hood, and of Mrs. Hood, Cumberland Mansions, W.



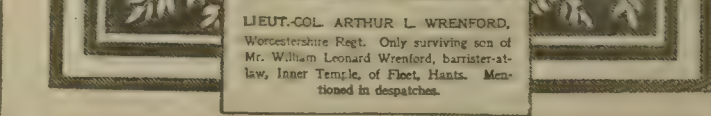
REV. CHARLES IVO SINCLAIR HOOD, C.F. Formerly head of the Magdalen College Mission, Somers Town. Son of the late Mr. Sinclair Frankland Hood and Mrs. Hood. Killed while rescuing wounded.



CAPT. J. BALFOUR, M.C., Scots Guards (attd. R.E.). Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Balfour of Balbirnie, Fifeshire. Officially reported as having been killed in action.



2ND LT. JOHN ALAN HARVEY, Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The only son of the Rev. R. Harvey, M.A., Rector of Charleville, Co. Cork, Ireland. Officially reported as killed in action.



LIEUT.-COL. ARTHUR L. WRENFORD, Worcestershire Regt. Only surviving son of Mr. William Leonard Wrenford, barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, of Fleet, Hants. Mentioned in despatches.



CAPT. C. B. M. HODGSON, Queen's (West Surrey) Regiment. Wounded at Ypres; appointed to the Staff in Mesopotamia, 1915; subsequently died of wounds.



CAPT. JOHN SHERIDAN GREGORY, Attd. R.A.F. Younger son of Lieut.-Col. G. M. Gregory, V.D., of Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W.



LIEUT. GILBERT S. W. SPENCER SMITH, Hampshire Regt. Only son of Captain and Mrs. G. Spencer Smith, of Maidenstone Heath, Bursledon, Hants. Killed in action.



LIEUT. HARRY W. MANN, F.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., Royal Field Artillery. Assistant Architect to the County of Essex. Son of Mrs. Mann, of Witham.



2ND LIEUT. RUPERT M. CHAMBERLAIN, Scots Guards. Younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan Chamberlain, of Eaton Gardens, Hove. Died of wounds.

THE NEW STAR IN AQUILA.

BY E. B. OSHORN.

IF true education be the release of man from self, then astronomy should be included in every curriculum. There is no other study, I find, which so widens the horizon of children, so intensifies their curiosity and the



IN MESOPOTAMIA: A STAFF OFFICER READING A MESSAGE (WITH TAILS ATTACHED) DROPPED FROM AN AEROPLANE.—[Official Photograph.]

creative impulse, so thoroughly purges their souls of egotism and enlarges their sympathies. It is impossible to be self-seeking and small-minded when the nature of the vast and wondrous cosmos, in which the earth itself is but a speck of cosmic dust, has been revealed to a growing intelligence. A new standard of self-measurement is set up; petty grievances are forgotten in contemplating the endless deserts and huge centres of space and time; and a reasonable humility is combined with a wholesome pride in the far-reaching intelligence of man, which can weigh Sirius in its mystic scales and examine the chemistry of Aldebaran in a magical scroll of many colours. The old legend of Tycho Brahe, how he used to put on his velvet

robes of State when he went to his observatory—as if the presence of the stars was the presence of princes—pays a just tribute to the most mystical of the human mind's achievements. It is true, of course, that the routine work of a modern observatory does not touch the imagination. The science of to-day, as Kelvin pointed out, is mainly a matter of laborious observation of details and minute measuring. It was a difference of about one-thousandth in the atomic weight of nitrogen, as given by two different methods of procuring it, which led to the discovery in the atmosphere of the argon series of gases—among them helium, which is now known to be a constituent not only of the sun, but also of the far greater luminaries which we see as the merest dust of light faintly flickering in the night-wind, so it seems.

In modern astronomy, however, the infinitely small and the infinitely great illustrate one another; and even the routine worker, as he patiently records tiny facts, night after night, year after year, has visions of the greatness and glory of his task, even if he has not time to study the most wondrous spectacles in the changing-changeless heavens—such as the diamond crescent of Venus or the great Nebula in Orion, which are as perennially fascinating as the Matterhorn or Niagara Falls. Even in the infinitely small there is often an element of vastness which holds up the affairs of humanity to derision. All the world is now at war; so far-flung is the struggle, so stern its discipline, that it has assumed the aspect of one of Nature's august experiments, designed to discover whether this planet shall be possessed by men or Germans. But, both as regards the numbers engaged and the determination of either army, the fighting between bacilli and leucocytes in a fever case is far more gruesome. It is a month's battle fought to a finish in the dark; each combatant is a blind inexorable purpose.

But the new star in Aquila is the sign of a cosmical catastrophe which transcends the imagination of the inhabitants of this minute planet attached to a fifth-rate star. The explosion of Krakatoa, the detonations of which were heard at a distance of three thousand miles, or the storm of Leonid meteors in 1866, or even the brandishing of flames a quarter of a mile long on the surface of the sun, are nothing, or less than nothing, in comparison with the results of the collision indicated by a "nova" between gigantic bodies in the remote distances of sidereal space. The light of the swift conflagration has been on its

way to us for centuries; suns, living or icily extinct, have been consumed, and with them whole companies of planets.

There is no danger for us in the catastrophe of which tidings have just arrived. We shall not record it as an omen, after the fashion of our ancestors, who noted in the Bayeux Tapestry the appearance in 1066 of Halley's Comet. But any day some huge extinct sun might hurl itself into our little solar system and bring about the utter annihilation of the curious whirl of carbon atoms which is called terrestrial life. Thus astronomy teaches us that our whole world of being exists only on sufferance.

In the "Roll of Honour" page, in our issue of June 4, a portrait of Captain A. H. Smyth, R.N., who was, by



AT A FRENCH HEADQUARTERS: A STAFF OFFICER RECEIVING A JAPANESE GENERAL.
French Official Photograph.

a misunderstanding, which we regret, stated to have died at sea on a vessel torpedoed by the enemy, was included. We are happy to learn that such was not the case, and that Captain Smyth is alive and well.

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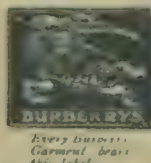
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LITERATURE.

"King George and the Royal Family."

Mr. Richard Legge is a painstaking gentleman, and has taken all British Royalty to be his theme. He writes as *La vraie vérité*: he says so, and he is to be believed. King George and the Royal Family

is due sense of proportion. Newspaper-cuttings dealing with events of trivial interest and no importance may help to bulk a book, but they do not make it readable. We get a fleeting glimpse of earnest, strenuous, and patient rulers doing their duty, and more than their duty; but at the moment when we are hoping that the glimpse will widen into a fair view, it becomes obscured by trivialities.

One volume of half the size of either of the books before us might have given us our Royal Family in their habit as they live—but the making of such a book would have required gifts that Mr. Legge either does not possess or has not chosen to exercise.

We regret this, for King George and his family have been faced with a greater crisis than any monarch has known in England for more than a century, and at every critical moment have proved themselves worthy of the responsibilities that belong to the Crown. A book that shall do justice to King George and the Royal Family must reveal a grasp of salient facts, and leave the others alone. Mr. Legge has cast

his net very wide, and exhibits everything he has been able to catch with unjustifiable pride.

The result to a great extent is a chronicle unworthy the theme and the hour. "Let it not be forgotten that King George's revered grandmother sent a box of chocolate to all our men who were fighting the Boers in South Africa at Christmas 1899." Thus Mr. Legge in most solemn mood. We may be pardoned, perhaps, if we prefer to forget that we ever had to fight the gallant men who are now helping the Empire. All manner of official letters that would be sent in any circumstances in the King's name are set out in full. Doubtless Mr. Legge is inspired by the best of intentions, and there is no more to say, except that the price of the two volumes is thirty shillings net.

Amy Lowell. Before the war British readers were indifferent towards contemporary American literature—they had

such a huge crop of their own from which to extract the grain among the chaff. American poetry especially suffered neglect. But now it is time to change all that, since the United States came into the war and poetry came into its own as an expression of national aspirations. An introduction to one highly accomplished American poetess and critic, whose work well deserves study, is provided by Mr. W. Bryher's essay, "Amy Lowell: A Critical Appreciation" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). She is a sister of President Lowell, of Harvard, and belongs to what is known as the Imagist school of modern poetry. Much of her work, as quoted by Mr. Bryher, is written in *vers libre*, and it exhibits a remarkable quality of description, combined with keen pathos and



SALVAGE WORK IN FRANCE: EMPTY TING BEING PLACED IN A KILN, TO EXTRACT BOMBS FROM THEM. (Official Photographs.)

(Grant Richards) is his latest effort: there are two volumes, eight hundred pages, and there is hardly a paragraph printed in the Press since King George came to the throne that would appear to have escaped Mr. Legge's eagle eye. If, after reading those eight hundred pages, admiring the type and the quality of the paper, we find that King George and the Royal Family have escaped us, the fault is undoubtedly ours. Somewhere under the eight hundred pages of newspaper cutting, mild comment, chronicle of small beer, and the rest, a justly popular King has buried. Shall we blame Mr. Legge? He has laid his hands reverently upon all available material.

To those of us who are immersed in the rough and tumble of daily life, accustomed to estimate values, loyal and interested in a Royal Family of which we know we have every reason to feel proud, there comes a feeling of regret that Mr. Legge has allowed himself to write without



PICKING UP SOUVENIRS: CANADIAN NURSES AMONG THE RUINS OF A GOETTER WHICH WAS BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES NEAR THEIR HOSPITAL ON THE WESTERN FRONT. (Canadian War Records.)

humour. Miss Lowell's first book, "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," was published in 1912, and in 1914 came "Sword-Blades and Poppy-Seeds." During the war she has issued "Six French Poets," "Men, Women, and Ghosts," and "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry." Mr. Bryher's enthusiastic essay is certain to send many readers to the original, and they will not be disappointed.

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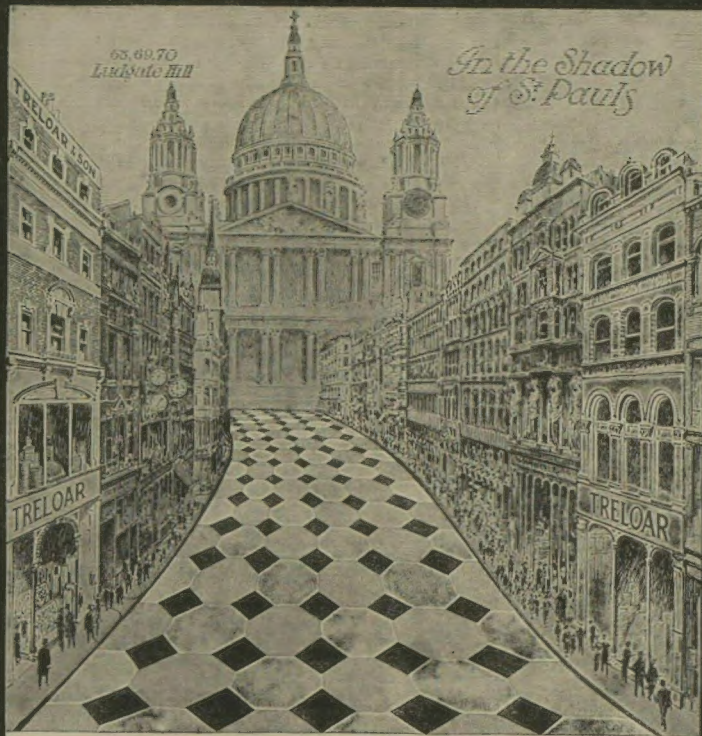
during the cleansing process. Lassitude is the inevitable result of such one-sided procedure, and it is open to question whether the net result is even a slight improvement in the condition it was purposed to correct. With the Kruschen course there is no period of being "worse before you are better"—no pain, no discomfort, no temporary indisposition. Rather, the mental and physical state begins at once to improve, and continues so to do as one continues to use this truly beneficent remedy.

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PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, S.W. 11.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The A.A. £1000
Gas-Traction
Prize.

The offer of the Automobile Association of a prize of £1000 for the best method of using coal-gas on motor vehicles, to which I drew attention some few weeks ago, appears to have aroused considerable interest among motorists. Quite a number of devices have already been definitely entered for the competition, and, in addition, many valuable suggestions have been received by the Association. Incidentally, the competition has stimulated research and investigation concerning the possibility of using other fuels beside coal-gas, petrol, and petrol substitutes; while the important question of adequate supplies of coal-gas and benzol for post-war motoring requirements has received a very welcome impetus. Entries for the competition, as well as a good deal of valuable correspondence, have been received from well-known engineers and gas experts, private motorists, members of the motor industry, and working men and mechanics, many of whom have been for some time endeavouring to devise practical means of propelling motor-cars with coal-gas and other "substitute" fuels. Further, so much interest has been aroused by the A.A.'s offer that several well-known experts have, in the interests of post-war motoring, expressed their willingness to co-operate in investigating and bringing to a practical stage of development any really promising ideas submitted



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: PAST AND PRESENT MOTORS.
Our photograph shows one of the latest six-cylinder Napier cars standing between two Great Northern Railway engines. The engine on the left is the last of the 8-ft. single-wheel type, and was christened, in 1879, "The Greyhound of the North." The one on the right is one of the well-known Atlantic type. The Napier appropriately completes in up-to-date fashion a trio all noted for speed, reliability, and simple control.

by non-experts. As illustrating the wide interest which has been taken in the competition, it may be mentioned that entries and correspondence have been received from motorists serving with the Forces in France, Italy, Salonika, and Mesopotamia. I may add that entries for this most useful competition will remain open until Dec. 31 next.

A Worthy
Cause.

Some time ago I drew attention to the good work being done by the school of motor-engineering established through the good offices of the Autocar at Mürren, in Switzerland, for the teaching of interned British prisoners of war. I am informed now that the British Red Cross Society has approached the journal mentioned with a request that it should take over the running expenses of a similar school at Scheveningen. This the Autocar has consented to do, and I am given to understand that a sum of £1000 is required for the purchase of the necessary machinery, and a further amount, averaging about £500 per annum, will be needed for running costs. I can conceive of no more worthy enterprise than this. It is not only that the courses of instruction in the school will be a welcome break in the appalling monotony of life in an internment camp, but it is a distinctly useful break. Instead of the time spent in this camp being so many months, or years, carved, as it were, out of the lives of the prisoners, they will be occupied in the acquisition of knowledge which will fit the men on

(Continued overleaf.)

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CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN, Page 468, May 11.

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"The battery, though it has, through rough usage, lost some capacity, is still capable of

TESTIMONY IN

The Autocar
(May 11 issue)

TO THE EFFICIENCY OF

BUICK STANDARD EQUIPMENT

starting the engine at a temperature of 0° C I was prejudiced against all kinds of single unit electrical machines before I had this car. But now I will stand up for the efficiency of the Delco product against any of the same date, and against most of those which have been brought out since.

"I very much doubt if my Delco set has cost 15/- in all its life of three years of war work. I exclude, of course, lamp bulbs"

(Signed)

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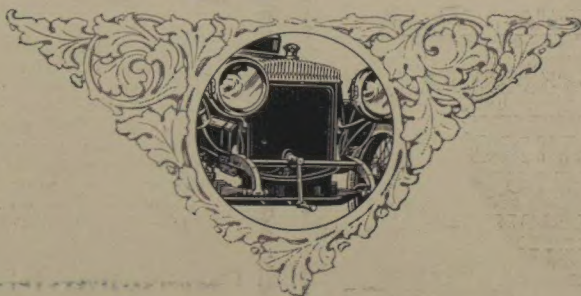
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Near you, as you read this, is a chemist's shop where you can order Sanatogen; do so to-day—take two teaspoonfuls of Sanatogen with or after meals—and go on taking it regularly—twice or three times a day—for at least a few weeks.

You will be astonished and delighted at the result; for there is no doubt that Sanatogen thoroughly reanimates all the molecular activities of your body—generates in your system nutritious compounds which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy—and even invigorates harmlessly the thinking matter in the uppermost strands of your brain.

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Note: Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan to distinguish it from substitutes and counterfeits.

Continued.
their return home to take their places in civil life with an excellent trade in their hands. I commend the fund to the readers of these notes.

A Stirring Memory of Home.

Some of the boys hailing from here, and attached to a regiment fighting in Palestine, received an unexpected reminder of home after a recent tussle with the Turk, resulting in the capture of a German colony where agriculture had been successfully practised. This was a Saunderson tractor which had been built in their native town, and had been despatched to a customer in the Holy Land eighteen months before war was declared. The discovery of this machine was a pleasing incident in itself; but conceive their surprise when one of the party, Corporal Kendall, discovered that he had assisted in the construction of this very machine; while another, Private Doughty, recognised the mark of his father's hand upon the spokes of the wheels. In a letter addressed to Mr. H. Saunderson, the designer and builder of the tractor in question, Corporal R. E. Shadrake, who was also one of



A REMINDER OF HOME: ENGLISH COUNTY TROOPS DISCOVER
A BRITISH TRACTOR IN PALESTINE.

By a remarkable coincidence, some of our soldiers hailing from this country came across this Saunderson tractor in a captured German colony in the Holy Land. One of the party, moreover, had assisted in its construction at the works before the war.

the party of discovery, writes: "A few weeks ago we took a village from the Turks which was found to be a German colony called Wilhelm. One of the first things we saw was a Saunderson tractor made at our home works. I thought it would interest you to know that some of our boys had memories of their native place brought before them by the sight of this tractor so many miles from home. I hope you will accept the enclosed photo from the boys now in Palestine. With best wishes from us, Yours sincerely
(Signed), "R. E. Shadrake."

Private Doughty examined the tractor, a model "V," to find it in fairly good order. It had evidently been abandoned in a hurry, only the cylinders being missing, and these probably had been removed by the Turks. While the discovery came as a surprise to the roving British Tommies from home, it may be mentioned that several Saunderson tractors were despatched to the Holy Land during happier days, where they proved to be eminently adapted to local conditions for all purposes upon the farm.
W. W.

London's Voluntary Hospitals will need £100,000 this year from the Hospital Sunday Fund

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